

Animals

OUR DUMB

DECEMBER 1947

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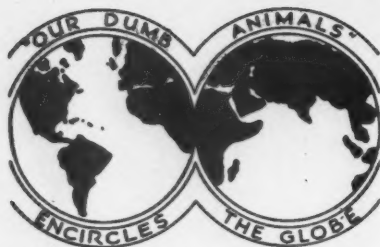
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON



CHRISTMAS MORNING FROLIC

—Photo. Eaton Cromwell

The MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
Assistant Editor — KATHARINE H. PIPER

☆

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

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Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Publication office, 48 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts; editorial office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Entered as Second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919.

VOLUME 80 — No. 12

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DECEMBER, 1947

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, 1868

PUBLISHED BY

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
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Christmas

*They all were looking for a King
To slay their foes and lift them high
Thou cam'st a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.*

—George MacDonald

BORN, so we are told, in a stable, because "there was no room for them in the inn." Living out His boyhood and early manhood days in a lowly carpenter's home, in a little Jewish village called Nazareth, nearly 2,000 years ago. Who, that knew Him then, met Him on the streets, in the school, and at the synagogue, could have believed that twenty centuries away, in the far distant future, there would be heard sounding out from untold numbers of churches and cathedrals bearing His name, such exultant words as:

**"Lift up your heads O ye gates and be ye lifted
up ye everlasting doors and the King of glory will
come in."**

And kindling to adoration great congregations of worshippers with the triumphant words:

**"Unfold ye portals everlasting with welcome to
receive Him—behold the King of Glory."**

And that glorious song of praise:

**"And He shall reign forever and forever, King of
Kings and Lord of Lords."**

with which the great Hallelujah Chorus ends.

And why these songs of adoration now after that lowly natal day? Because He was in very truth, as none other has ever been, Son of Man and Son of God, the incarnate revelation of God to you and me and all mankind as our Father, our Lover, and our Friend. And if our Father, then come what may to us and to the world in which we live, of joy or sorrow, of hope or fear, of light or darkness, of life or death, a Father's love is working out His answer to our prayer, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done."

This it means and nothing less than this, that the Eternal God has spoken and has revealed Himself to us in Jesus Christ as not only our Creator but our Father who is in Heaven and "in whom we live and move and have our being." This is the good tidings that Christmas has been bringing to His earthly children century after century, on Christmas Day.

F. H. R.

Reprinted by request



WINNERS OF THE NATIONAL HUMANE KEY

In the picture at the left, Dr. Eric H. Hansen is shown with Miss Florence N. Maher to whom he has just given the Humane Key. At the right, Miss B. Maude Phillips accepts congratulations from President Walter J. Dethloff of the Animal Rescue League, as Secretary William A. Swallow holds out to her the Certificate of Award. Note that Miss Phillips is wearing her Key on a chain about her neck.

Convention Awards

AT the national convention, this year held in Albany, New York, our Society was both on the giving and on the receiving end as far as awards were concerned.

One of the highlights of the banquet was the presentation of two National Humane Keys. The Humane Key Award has now become a yearly event in recognition of outstanding service in the field of Humane Education. This year, as last, President Eric H. Hansen awarded two keys to persons who, in the estimation of the Society, have contributed much to the furtherance of this branch of our work.

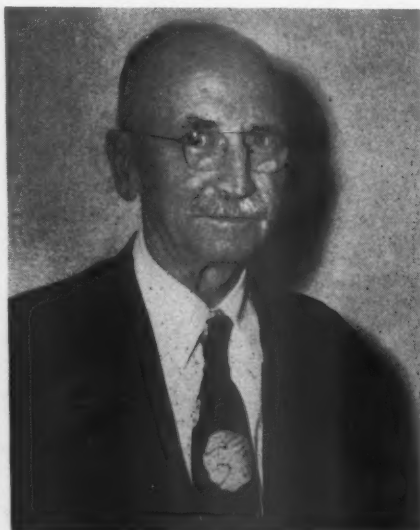
To Miss B. Maude Phillips, Director of Humane Education of the Animal Rescue League of Boston, went one key. This recognition has long been due Miss Phillips for her leadership and ingenuity in bringing about the League's eminently successful marionette shows. This project in its finished form as it is today did not come overnight, but rather is the result of many years of study and effort and training of staff members. Miss Phillips visited several European countries, studying marionette making and manipulation before venturing to project her ideas into the League program.

The second key was given to Miss Florence N. Maher, beloved Office Manager of The American Humane Association. This award came at a very happy time as it served admirably to highlight Miss Maher's fortieth anniversary in the humane movement.

And let it be said that no one in the world has served the cause of Humane Education more than she. Not a teacher, not an active worker in this particular

phase of humane endeavor, Miss Maher nevertheless is imbued with the importance of this branch and has given concrete suggestions to hundreds of individuals and societies seeking to put this work into practice in their own localities. So to her went this honorary award—well earned over the forty years of devoted service.

On the receiving end was our genial superintendent, Harry L. Allen. Mr. Allen was presented with a Forty-Year Button and certificate commemorating those long years of service to our two Societies. For Mr. Allen, we extend our thanks for this award by The American Humane Association.



Harry L. Allen

Here and There

Lucky Dog

GIVE me an example of an indirect tax."

"The dog tax."

"Why is that an indirect tax?"

"Because the dog doesn't pay it."

THE reason a dog is such a lovable creature is that his tail wags instead of his tongue.

SOME years ago, a married couple in the back country in Northern New Jersey adopted a baby boy. When he reached the age of six years the need of companionship for this boy became apparent. Should they adopt another child? They decided that a grown, well-trained dog would more quickly provide not only companionship but protection as well. A fine well-trained Shepherd was purchased. It would be difficult to describe adequately what that dog has meant to that boy in many years. Twice the dog has saved the boy's life and once saved him from being lost after he had wandered away from home.

—Ken-L-Bits

LEARN to laugh; it is better than medicine. Learn to attend to your own business; few men can handle their own. Learn to say kind words; nobody ever resents them. Learn to avoid nasty remarks; they give neither the hearer nor the speaker any satisfaction. Learn to stop grumbling if you can't see any good in the world; keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide aches with a smile; nobody is interested anyway. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself; nobody wants them.

—"Billy" Smith

FRIENDSHIP: An adage as old as the annals of history tells us that if we would have friends, we must be friendly to others. There is no other currency whereby friendship may be purchased. Friendship is so much the quality of the mind and the soul that there is no artificial or superficial value through which one may purchase friendship. Loyalties may be required and demanded through force or power, but only out of the heart can the sentiments of friendship grow and flourish.

—Sunshine Magazine

THE behavior of men to the lower animals and their behavior to each other, bear a constant relationship.

—Herbert Spencer

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

A DOG with bad manners is as much of a social reproach as an ill-trained child. Your friends rate you on a basis of the actions of both. In these days, when millions of families keep a dog, not the old flea-bitten ranch type with slab sides and frosted ears, but a petted, pampered canine, frequently expected to uphold the dignity of the family, it is important to give the matter some attention. *You* are responsible for the conduct of your dog.

It is perhaps lack of training more than anything else that keeps your favorite pet hopelessly at odds with your best friends. When Mrs. Jones calls, "Rags" expresses his joy by bounding up into her lap and putting his slobbery nose into her face; or he may compromise by rubbing his harness against her nylons and snagging them. In either case, Mrs. Jones tells Mrs. Smith to beware of that terrible animal; and the first thing you know, you're in the doghouse yourself.

The broader implications of this situation are reflected in whole communities, where dog haters and dog lovers have become involved in legislative battles, ending in laws very repressive to the latter. Rags is being more restricted every day by society. Flower lovers frown at him, livestock owners regard him with suspicion, and well-dressed ladies avoid him. This is all because he has attained a new status in the world, but as yet has not always learned to conduct himself according to the accepted code.

The first important step in teaching your dog to live with people is to have a definite set of rules regarding his conduct. His privileges and restraints must be so clear that he can learn them without difficulty. If Bob insists on taking him to bed regardless of the expensive spread and clean sheets, and Mary goes into tantrums if he merely looks at her bed, while Virginia insists a dog's place is outdoors always, and acts accordingly, it's hard for poor Rags to know what to do. Maybe Dad gives him the privilege of snoozing in a fine upholstered chair in the living room, and mother insists he must stay on the floor. As a result, Rags is cuffed one minute for what he was encouraged to do the previous minute.

As in training children, firmness and kindness is the best rule. Rags should have his play yard, especially when he is a puppy. There should be a time and a place for running and tearing with his playthings to his heart's content. Then, again, he should be permitted indoors under conditions requiring more circumspect conduct, or placed on a leash and taken out to meet people and other dogs in public. At first, he will strain and pull, and tangle himself up; but soon he'll learn there is a right and

easy way for little dogs to act in public. He'll find it pays to be pleasant, sociable, but never offensive. Much of his ease of bearing, however, will depend on the confidence he has in his master or whom-ever has him in charge on these occasions.

When the dog lives in the house, he must recognize his proper place. It is as important for him to have his corner where he can nap undisturbed, or stretch himself out in solid comfort, as it is for father to have his big chair. Rags will be glad to respect the rights of others if his own are recognized. If it's not considered desirable for him to climb on the best furniture, the fact must be made known to him by every member of the family, not by unnecessary cuffs and scolding, but by persistently firm denial, coupled always with a command to find rest in his own corner. Of course, he wants to move about freely. He likes to pay his respects to the different members of the family as they come and go. In many ways he should be free to show his interest in his surroundings. A kind word, a friendly pat, even a romp with one of the children may not be out of place if kept well under control.

In the matter of eating, of course, Rags must know his table manners. If he's permitted one day to chew a bone on the living room rug, he'll want to do it again. If he must do all his eating, catch as catch can, on the other hand, in the presence of irritable members of the family, expecting trouble each time he tries to enjoy a meal, he'll learn to slink into every corner and drag his food with him. What is worse, he may grow morose, snapping at anyone who approaches. The thing he really needs is a place of his own, where he can enjoy his meals in peace. He ought to have clean dishes and wholesome food. If you don't get on his nerves, he's not likely to get on yours.

Naturally, dogs, like children, occasionally get into bad company, and come in bedraggled from romping in the alley. In this case, they need about the same treatment, a good bath and restriction to quarters. Thus, an orderly sequence of events, a careful application of cause and effect in his daily life, makes Rags a good dog.

Still, it shouldn't be forgotten, rules alone will not make your dog fit to live with people. He must also be lifted up by a share of your affection. As he becomes a real member of the family, he gives up, to a large degree, association with others of his kind, and dedicates his life to your happiness. No other living thing is capable of such devotion. He is loyal, forgiving, and trustworthy; and when all other friends fail, he'll stand faithfully at your side.

Teach Your Dog

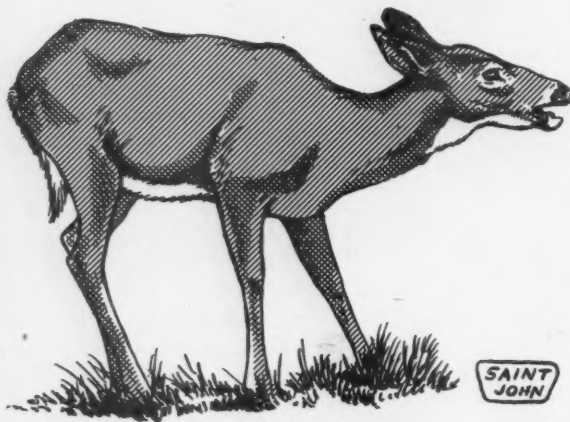
By EZRA J. POULSEN

Let's go outdoors and romp, Rags!

Photo by Eaton Cromwell



ANIMAL LORE



DEER
LIKE COWS - CHEW
THEIR CUD.

Canine Laws

A SAN FRANCISCO judge once ruled that a bone is a dog's most treasured possession and that it has a legal right to defend itself and its property—even to the extent of biting a person attempting to steal the bone.

Saxon law had several canine references prior to the time William of Normandy invaded England. The Norman conqueror ordered a dog census for inclusion in his register of all Englishmen and their livestock. It was the earliest known census of the kind.

An early Saxon law decreed that all hunting breeds of dogs accompanying their masters to church must be chained to the pews during services. Relics of this bit of legal persuasion can be still seen in some of England's oldest parish churches.

In 14th century England hunting dogs could be owned only by the nobility, clergy and anyone else with an annual income in excess of fifty pounds sterling. This limited the ownership of such canine breeds in that era of low wages when fifty pounds was a fortune to most people.

Dogs have sometimes been haled into court to "testify" in pending cases. Incidents of the sort have established legal precedent for accepting canine testimony.

The classic and oft-quoted example, of course, is the "Dog of Montargis." It was ordered by King Charles V, of France, to engage in combat with Richard de Macaire, the suspected slayer of the dog's soldier master, Aubry de Montdidier.

The outcome of the contest between man and dog was to be accepted as legal proof of the man's guilt or innocence, according to 14th century standards. The animal was victorious, a conclusion which satisfied all concerned with the proven guilt of Macaire.

—Jasper B. Sinclair

Legends of the Donkey

FROM Belgium comes the legend of a donkey. He was a very vain creature, and while eating grass in the pastures at Galilee, considered himself the most handsome animal there. When getting water, he especially admired his reflection, thinking how beautiful his long silken ears were. He even disdained the pretty white horse which the Roman messenger rode to tell Joseph, the carpenter, of the governor's order to enroll all citizens.

But enroute to Bethlehem, the donkey experienced a change of heart. As his master, Joseph, led the proud beast along the rough path, bearing Mary upon his back, the animal grew meek and humble. And after returning to Nazareth carrying the Mother and Christ-child, the other animals wondered that the donkey was not boasting of the great honor bestowed upon him. When questioned what had come over him, the humble donkey told the other beasts that since his ears had heard the voice of the angels lifted in song, he would always droop them in humble reverence for the heavenly favor, and would never be vain any more, but would always strive to serve mankind.

In certain sections of faraway Syria, children listen for the approach of the Magic Mule bearing gifts for them. According to legend, once upon a time on Epiphany Eve, a certain good man was riding his mule through the forest. Just at midnight he tied his mule to a large tree and went into the woods to pray. Returning to the spot where he had left the mule, there was no trace of him. The astonished man looked all around and finally saw the animal in the topmost branches of the huge tree! This proved that at midnight the tree had bent down in honor of the Holy Babe, and as it straightened up the mule was caught in its branches. Since then the mule has been considered a holy creature on Christmas Eve.

—Jewell Casey

MIKE & MASIE by Andrew L. Peterson and Tom Farley



"It's for you!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

FOND as we are of "Buddy Bearskin," our fifteen pound cocker spaniel, we must admit that he has all the instincts of a canine Captain Bligh. He'd rather growl than wag his tail and, until recently, hadn't met the dog he didn't think he could whip. He'd challenge anything from a Pekinese to a St. Bernard, and if it hadn't been for "Mr. Blue," the springer, who would fly to his defense, I'm sure Buddy would have joined his ancestors long ago.

Buddy met his Waterloo, however, when he picked on "Kim," an Afghan hound, that recently moved into the neighborhood.

Kim is by nature a happy-go-lucky fellow, who prefers chasing fire engines to engaging in a brawl, but when Buddy made a practice of nipping his heels, the big dog decided it was time the cocker had his "come-uppance."

He began by gripping Buddy by the back of the neck and using him for a mop with which to dust off the sidewalk.

Within two seconds, the entire neighborhood had gathered to scream maledictions at Kim and to implore me to do something about it.

Except for his pride, I knew that Buddy wasn't suffering greatly and felt that a lesson in discipline, now, might be the means of saving his life later on. Mr. Blue seemed to share my belief, for he stood idly by while Kim tried to shake some sense into the little nuisance.

Finally, at the end of a minute or two, Kim grew tired or bored and releasing Buddy, continued on his way. But Buddy, a black whirlwind of fury, had no intention of letting the matter drop there. With every hair along his spine standing on end, he ran after Kim and nipped at the big dog's hind leg.

"This is it!" I told myself and stripped off my apron to use as a choker in case Kim decided to put an end to his tormentor. If he got a grip on Buddy's throat, the little dog wouldn't have a chance. And if Mr. Blue tangled with the Afghan, the chances were I'd have two invalids on my hands.

And that seemed to be what was going to happen, for Mr. Blue had left my side and was boring in, every muscle taut.

Kim whirled on Buddy and was maneuvering for a hold, when, to our surprise, Mr. Blue attacked not Kim, as we all expected, but Buddy, his playmate.

Kim seemed to sense that from now on this was a family row, and with a flick of his long, bare tail, leaped the hedge and disappeared in the direction of home.

But the fight went on. Despite his ferocious growling and snapping, Buddy was so surprised at finding himself downed by the dog that had always defended him, that he made a poor showing in defending himself.

Within a minute, his growls had changed to shrill squeals and, although I did my best to put a stop to the melee, Mr. Blue seemed determined to make it a fight Buddy would long remember.

At last Buddy apparently said, "uncle," for Mr. Blue let him up.

Fortunately, he wasn't seriously hurt—his pride most of all, but for some time he would have nothing to do with his former pal even though Mr. Blue tried to lick his wounds and to show in other ways that he was sorry for being forced to resort to such stern measures.

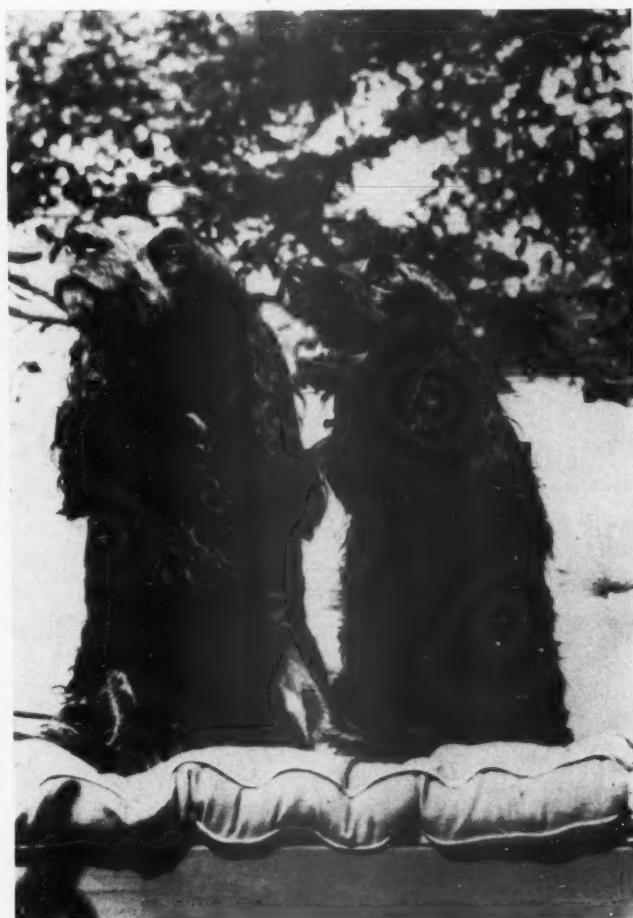
And then came the day when Buddy was well enough to sit on the front porch and watch the dogs of the neighborhood take their constitutionals.

This was the time I dreaded, and I think the one Mr. Blue waited for. Kim was due any minute now. If Buddy permitted him to pass unmolested, then we'd know he'd learned his lesson. If, however, he challenged the Afghan's right to walk across our lawn, we'd have proof positive that he'd gained nothing from his beating and that sooner or later, some dog would chew him to ribbons.

At last Kim leaped the hedge and came bouncing along as though on rubber legs. I crossed my fingers and waited. With one eye on Mr. Blue, who apparently was asleep, Buddy rose

"Mr. Blue," Monitor

by Ina Loney Morris



"Mr. Blue" and "Buddy Bearskin" watch a flock of birds. Buddy would rather growl and show his teeth than wag his tail.

slowly from his haunches and with hair bristling and lip up-swept, took two tentative steps forward. Kim stopped, faced Buddy, waited!

Whether Mr. Blue growled a warning at that moment, or whether Buddy recalled the circumstances of his and Kim's last meeting, I don't know. At any rate, the little dog backed up and with the dignity of a king reseated himself on the porch.

Mr. Blue left his side then for a friendly tussle with Kim, while Buddy, with nose in air, watched with colossal unconcern, a flock of blackbirds across the street.



Outstretched arms wait to receive Buckwheat from the hands of a kind telephone worker.

Act of Kindness

A SIMPLE act of kindness on the part of Kenneth Graham, of Portland, Maine, not long ago demonstrated once again how "the little things" can make friends for everyone—in this case the telephone company.

Mr. Graham, who is an installer-repairman for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, rescued a two-month-old kitten named "Buckwheat" that had scampered up a telephone pole to the tearful dismay of its little owners, Mary Ann Baillargeon and her sister Katherine.

It seems that appeals for help went out to various city agencies and while Buckwheat cavorted for the gathering crowd, little Katherine and Mary Ann wept forlornly at the foot of the pole.

Into this situation stepped Kenneth Graham. As the picture shows, he took time out from his regular duties to climb the telephone pole, rescue Buckwheat and replace with smiles the tear-stained looks of Mary Ann and Katherine.

In commenting on the story, the Portland *Evening Express* said, "Soulless corporations don't go around rescuing kittens."

Dachshund Sitter

By GLADYS A. BATCHELDER

THE uneasiness and meowing of "Gretel" was proof positive that her confinement period had reached its climax. Apparently she disliked the three boxes arranged for this ordeal close by the heater in the cellar, for even at this last moment, she was despairingly trying to locate in a drawer or closet. Whatever was done to alleviate this sad state of affairs obviously had to be accomplished in a hurry. So a large carton was called into service and made cozy with newspapers and a bath mat, then placed in a closet near the kitchen. Ah, this was it! She took to it like a duck to water, and in no time, "Spike," a sturdy tiger kitten, made its debut. At hourly intervals, "Mike" and "Ike," white and gray in color, but smaller than the first, made their appearance.

Now "Hansel," or Hansel V. Heinrich to the American Kennel Club, had been on good terms with Gretel up until this delicate situation arose. Yes, I'm sure his canine instinct along with his good nature kept him from returning the blows he had been receiving from her without provocation for the past month or so. His curiosity aroused, he gingerly poked his nose into the cat's sanctum to see what was going on in there. She received him graciously, like any mother receives her guests after the baby is born, cleaning and purring intermittently. Hansel made frequent visits to see that all was well for about ten days. By this time her progeny had opened their eyes, so were brought to the kitchen

by the stove to see the light of day. Five weeks they cuddled to mother, growing by the minute on the nutritious diet received from her.

Gretel's devotion is paramount, having no household chores or social engagements, her time is given completely to her family. Hansel assumed the role of foster-father from the start, and being a dachshund could nose into the box at any time without much trouble. "But now, Mr. Anthony, here's my problem!" (Dog talk) "These babies are crawling all over the kitchen floor, walking under me as short as I am, playing with my tail, and getting into all sorts of trouble. They're too young to know that their lives can be wiped out by a single move of my master's feet where they constantly hover. What shall I do?"

Yes, they're at the very cute but troublesome stage, crawling in and out of their home at will. Hansel kisses and laps each one, and cautiously tries to pick up the kittens in his mouth to return them to their protected abode. As for the kittens, they thoroughly enjoy his mauling and affection. He guards them constantly, and if they go beyond the kitchen, he corrals them by a gentle but firm push of his nose. Mother cat looks on complacently, probably glad to have the stern hand of the foster-father take over a little responsibility. She now has a chance to have a run out of doors with no maternal worries. When "the cat's away, the kittens play," and she's relieved to have so good a "sitter" as a dog.

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Nature's Xylophone

The water boatman, experts say,
Is quite a clever elf;
With forelegs on his snout, he plays
A tune upon himself!

He takes a film of air below,
To breathe, while under water;
A very original bug is he,
A musical Argonaut!



"Pat" Makes Good

By W. E. BRENNAN

IT was a case of love at first sight—a mutual admiration between "Pat" and me. When I first saw him several years ago at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, where he had been taken in as a stray, I knew I wanted him for my own dog.

It wasn't that I didn't already have a barking, frisky little black Cocker Spaniel around the house—a much beloved pet. But there was that unexplainable something that passed between Pat and me that made us master and dog at once, or should I say "buddies," as a better way to describe the feeling.

And many times over, Pat, a lovable Irish setter with a gorgeous golden-red coat and intelligent manner, has repaid me for everything I ever did for him. One act of his alone insured him a spot close to my heart as long as he lives and a loving memory, as long as I have one.

It was this way. My family loves dogs, but they had thought that one was enough. In fact, they yielded reluctantly to my very apparent desire to keep Pat. But yield they did and we headed for our cottage at Sunset Point, Nantasket, for the summer, taking the dogs with us. This was several years ago and it was there that Pat established himself forever in the love and esteem of the entire family.

Kathleen, our daughter, was then five years old and her little cousin, Marylou Sullivan, of Needham, was visiting us. The two mothers were working in the cottage and the girls were playing along the beach which lay thirty feet down a slope. It seems that they slowly made their way about a hundred yards along the sand to where a rowboat was out on the end of a pulley line some two hundred feet from shore. The little tots, in their bare feet, walked out to the rowboat and climbed aboard. The tide was low and there were but a few inches of water floating it.

There they played with their sand pails, forgetful of everything except the blue sky, the lapping water and the joy



Kathleen Brennan, now nine years old, poses with Pat at our Hospital where the dog spent several days recently.

of once again being at the seashore. Time passed. Quietly the tide was coming in and the water, unnoticed, getting deeper and deeper around the boat. Then, tired of play, the youngsters decided to return to the beach, but on looking over the side they found that the water was far over their heads. Then it was that they became hysterical and began to scream with fright.

My wife and her sister, hearing the screams, ran to the back porch and saw the two children standing up in the rowboat some distance out from shore. Pat, also, had heard the frightened cries and bolted out to the back porch with the two women.

One look was enough for Pat. He dashed down a long flight of stairs to the beach and raced at top speed along through the stone to a point opposite the rowboat. Then, plunging in, he swam out and began to circle the boat.

Meanwhile, the two mothers had run to the spot where the land end of the boat pulley lay. Shouting assurances to the children and cautioning them not to

try to get out of the boat, the two women hauled on the pulley to try to bring the boat to shore. But it proved too heavy for them and they were nearly frantic for fear that the children might decide to jump overboard.

Then Pat took a hand, or rather a mouth and a fine set of strong teeth. How he ever managed to figure it out is still a mystery to me, but when he saw the women tugging vainly, he swam to the rope, seized it in his teeth and began swimming with all his strength toward shore.

Slowly the rowboat began to make headway. Inch by inch it traveled across the water until, at last, with Pat's head a mass of froth from his efforts, the boat reached shallow water. Even then, Pat wouldn't leave the side of the boat, despite his apparent exhaustion, until both children were high and dry on land. Then he staggered to the beach and lay down for a much-needed rest. No need to say he was a hero from that moment on. As far as our family is concerned, he always will be one.

ANIMALS IN



Carleton Patriquin

◀ CANINE CHRISTMAS

These little fellows look a trifle sad about the whole thing, but that's just their natural expression. Actually they were among the most active members of the Christmas party last year held exclusively for animal patients at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital—a party, by the way, that we hope to make an annual event.

ADOPTION UNDER PROTEST ▶

Once upon a time "Poochie," a three-year-old canine and "Lucky," a black Persian feline, were the best of friends. In their Chicago home they romped and played, ate their meals together and even slept in the same bed. Indeed, all went well until Lucky gave birth to five kittens. Poochie liked the kittens, too, and decided to adopt them, that is, until he met a maternal rebuff from Lucky.



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WORLD NEWS



International News Photos

LUNCHTIME FOR "NUTSY"

Everybody knows that most cats do not like squirrels and will chase them away at every possible chance. Naturally, however, there are exceptions and a notable one is the case of "Lady Sylvia," a cat owned by Miss Martha Coffman, of Baltimore. It seems that Lady Sylvia recently took pity on finding an orphaned squirrel and started to mother it right along with her own kittens. In fact, "Nutsy," as the squirrel was called, became one of the family. However, it turned out that a squirrel, or at least this one, needed something more than cat's milk for proper nourishment. So, in the picture we see Miss Coffman taking over the job of giving the youngster an eye-dropper full of cow's milk.

PETS HELP BOY'S RECOVERY

In Rochester, New York, 15-year-old Richard Jackson was very badly burned—so badly, indeed, that he was given one chance in a million of recovering. He was a brave boy, however, and hung on to that one chance. Now he is recovering and is shown here after 602 days in the hospital. His spaniel, goose and cat have aided materially in keeping his spirits up and aided in his recovery.



International News Photos

Christmas

Christmas Legends

By DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL.D.

Christmas morn, the legends say,
Even the cattle kneel to pray,
Even the beasts of wood and field
Homage to Christ the Savior yield.

Horse and cow and woolly sheep
Wake themselves from their heavy sleep,
Bending heads and knees to Him,
Who came to earth in a stable dim.

Far away in the forest dark
Creatures timidly wake and hark,
Feathered bird and furry beast
Turn their eyes to the mystic east.

Loud at the dawning Chanticleer
Sounds his note, the rest of the year;
But Christmas Eve the whole night long,
Honoring Christ he sings his song.

Christmas morn, the legends say,
Even the cattle kneel to pray
Even the wildest beast afar
Knows the light of the Savior's star.

And shall we, for whom He came,
Be by the cattle put to shame?
Shall we not do so much at least
As the patient ox or the forest beast?

Christmas morn, oh, let us sing
Honor and praise to Christ the King,
Sheltered first in a lowly shed,
And cradled there where the cattle fed.

"The Harp of Life," Boston: Carrollton Publishing Co.



No Room in the Inn

By LILLIE KRONK LEE

"No room in the inn" on that holiest night,
When the angels proclaimed "Peace on earth";
But the beasts of the field gave all that they
had

To make welcome the dear Saviour's birth.

The cattle moored softly their own lullaby,
As He lay in the clean, fragrant hay;
The horses gave greeting to Mother and
Child

With their friendliest, happiest neigh.

Above the crude stable, with radiant light,
Shone God's beckoning, Bethlehem Star;
Which faithfully guided the shepherds that
night,
And the Wise Men who came from afar.

Many years have passed by since that holiest
night.

When the angels sang "Good will to
men";

But millions find room for the Christ in their
hearts,
And are born—in His spirit—since then.

Eddi's Service

Eddi, priest of St. Wilfrid
In the chapel at Manhood End,
Ordered a midnight service
For such as cared to attend.

But the Saxons were keeping Christmas
And the night was stormy as well.
Nobody came to service
Though Eddi rang the bell.

"Wicked weather for walking,"
Said Eddi of Manhood End.

"But I must go on with the service
For such as care to attend."

The altar candles were lighted,—
An old marsh donkey came,
Bold as a guest invited,
And stared at the guttering flame.

The storm beat on at the windows,
The water splashed on the floor,
And a wet yoke-weary bullock
Pushed in through the open door.

"How do I know what is greatest,
How do I know what is least?
That is My Father's business,"
Said Eddi, Wilfrid's priest.

"But, three are gathered together—
Listen to me and attend.
I bring good news, my brethren!"
Said Eddi of Manhood End.

And he told the Ox of a manger
And a stall in Bethlehem,
And he spoke to the Ass of a Rider
That rode to Jerusalem.

They steamed and dripped in the chancel,
They listened and never stirred,
While, just as though they were Bishops,
Eddi preached them The Word.

Till the gale blew off on the marshes
And the windows showed the day,
And the Ox and the Ass together
Wheeled and clattered away.

And when the Saxons mocked him,
Said Eddi of Manhood End,
"I dare not shut His chapel
On such as care to attend."

Prelude to Kipling's splendid story, "The Con-
version of St. Wilfrid," in the volume en-
titled "Rewards and Fairies."



Unknown Glory

By JESSIE M. DOWLIN

How proud the cattle
In their stalls might be,
If they could know
That long ago
A manger cradled
Christ of Galilee.

in Verse

Peace on Earth

The happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door,
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings — Peace, good-will!

Author unknown



Christmas Carols

By HOWARD A. DETTMERS

Without a city window when
The Christmas day was here
I saw a plate of crumbs. And then,
Birds came from far and near.

They hopped upon the narrow sill
Then flew to a snow-decked tree
And gayly a soft carol's trill
Told of their ecstasy.

What action ever was so kind
What heart more truly blest
Than one that helps a song bird find
The gift of bread and rest.



Little Lord of Christmas

By ANNIE G. KING

The little Lord of Christmas lay smiling in
the hay,
And He was Lord of all the earth, and Lord
of us today,
For now our hearts are tender and now our
love is strong
To turn again to Bethlehem, and hear the
angels' song.

To dream of maiden kneeling before an
angel tall,
To watch the cattle breathing above a Baby
small,
To worship with the shepherds beneath the
starlit skies,
And follow eager Wise Men, with keen
uplifted eyes.

To listen to the magic of an unspoken Word,
That echoes down the centuries, and silent,
still is heard;
To linger in the radiance of Light come down
to men.
And lifting up our candles, set them aflame
again.

For even if the night be dark, and if the
quest be far,
We too will reach our journey's end, when
guided by a star,
And You shall have our offering, of gold,
and grief, and song,
Dear little Lord of Christmas, to whom our
hearts belong!

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Bible Birds

By JEWELL CASEY

Here we see a flock of tree swallows, probably not much changed from those swallows mentioned in the Bible.



MANY birds are mentioned in the Bible. Some of which we are familiar with, while others are strangers to many of us.

The bittern, a member of the heron family, mentioned as one of the unclean birds, possesses several interesting traits. It is noted for its melancholy night booming—a cry which can easily be heard a mile or more away, and is the most unmusical cry produced by any known bird.

This long-legged bird, because of its color which harmonizes so perfectly with its surroundings—swampy lands—when it stands with head erect and pointed upward, looks so much like a dead sharp snag, it can fool even the keenest eye.

Perhaps one of the most showy of all fowl-life is the peacock. The beautiful feathers, from which fans and other ornaments are made, are not tail feathers—as many people think—but feathers which grow just above the true tail.

In some countries people look upon the peacocks as holy birds. And in India some persons believe that the feathers of peacocks have power to heal wounds or to cure disease. Such feathers are peddled through cities and towns so those who believe in their magic powers can buy. While in Europe, the feathers of the peacock are supposed to bring bad luck!

Another bird mentioned in the Bible is the long-legged stork. In Bohemia and other countries, people claim that storks cause fire, and if a stork is seen to settle on the roof of a house, or if ten storks fly around the house, the occupants of said house strongly believe their abode will burn down soon. While a more common belief in Europe is that storks can save a house from fire! It is

believed that a stork will never make its nest on a housetop which is going to be burned.

The swallows mentioned in the Bible are no doubt the same kind of insect-destroying birds with which we are familiar. There are many different members of this large bird family, including purple martins, barn swallows, cliff or eave swallows, bank swallows and tree swallows. All are interesting in their different habits and are noted for their swiftness in flight and for destroying such large numbers of insect pests.

The turtle-dove, symbol of innocence and peace, noted for its melancholy cooing, is a delightful friend to have in one's garden. However, contrary to popular belief, the dove is NOT a peaceful bird but often raises a fuss with other birds and will not hesitate to attack a bird much larger than itself.

It is not known just which species of eagle was referred to in the scriptures. But since the eagle has long been our national emblem, representing right to enjoy freedom, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, much has been said and written about the habits of this interesting bird.

One peculiarity of the eagle is the fact these birds remain mated throughout their long life. They select for their permanent home an inaccessible cliff, high tree or other remote site. As necessity demands, repairs are made to the nest.

The scripture sparrow is doubtless the exact species as the English tree sparrow, one of the sweetest and most dearly beloved of all songbirds.

Swimming Cats

SOLOMON and "Duncan" are the pet cats of the James F. Morgans in the fair city of Honolulu. One day their mistress discovered that they had fleas. Now she had heard that salt water was a good method of getting rid of such pests as fleas so she and her husband carried the cats twenty feet out in the Pacific Ocean and forced them to swim ashore. Solomon and Duncan spluttered and yowled for being good felines they didn't have any love for water, and the Pacific just seemed to be full of water as far as they were concerned.

The first dip didn't rid them of the fleas, for fleas are persistent pests. But the Morgans were also persistent in their efforts; they continued to give their pets the salt water duckings, turning them into a weekend ritual. These duckings caused the cats to become addicts. They grew to love the sting of the salt spray in their faces, the taste of brine in their mouths. The roar of the surf was music to them. Result! Solomon and Duncan are now Hawaiian surf riders near Kahala beach and loungers there no longer stare when these animals approach the ocean, test its water with their forepaws and then plunge into the Pacific.

Of course this flea remedy wouldn't be kind in the cold waters of the Atlantic.

—Mrs. Joseph I. Stoch

"Bonnie"

WHEN baby Elna was nicely walking a beautiful hound puppy was given her for a playmate. "Bonnie" was so timid no one could come near her except baby Elna. The puppy was like a wild fawn, yet the baby could walk up to her and fondle her. They were great playmates.

One day little miss started out to see the world on her own; her mother, always alert, watched to see what would happen. The child got away out on the prairie, but when Bonnie saw this, she went bounding wildly after her. Small Elna was all set to go farther afield, but Bonnie planted herself squarely in front of her; then as she tried to go around the dog, again her way was blocked. When she got the baby headed toward the house, Bonnie would walk proudly by her side, any swerving in another direction was promptly hindered. Thus, little Miss Elna was brought triumphantly home.

Dogs can be trained to do wonderful things, but remember this was an untrained pup. It was too shy even to get near it, so it had not been taught anything. Dumb? Not at all.

—M. C. McLellan

Society News

Radio and the S. P. C. A.

RADIO is playing a vital part in spreading the doctrine of humane education and in furthering interest in animal relief work. Our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took occasion to pay tribute to four radio stations which carry our weekly programs, with an exhibit at the Eastern States Exposition. It proved interesting to the nearly 57,000 people who visited our display in the little old red schoolhouse in Storowton.

Station WSPR in Springfield graciously cooperated in arranging the exhibit, designing colorful signs for the display. This station has carried "S. P. C. A. Time," presented by Mrs. Charlena Kibbe, of the Springfield staff, each Tuesday at 2:15 P.M. for nearly ten years. WBZ and WBZA broadcast "Animals in the News" by William A. Swallow, Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, each Saturday at 1:00 P.M.; WMEX carries "Animal Club of the Air," by Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer of the Society, each Saturday at 10:30 A.M.; and "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns, of the Boston staff, each Sunday at 8:45 A.M., over WHDH.

The Society is very grateful to officials and staffs of these stations for the valuable free time accorded them, and many expressions of interest by the listening public are received at headquarters.

Requests for literature on the care of pet animals, and for sample copies of *Our Dumb Animals* are also received.

Horse Down in Stall

A HORSE was reported down in its stall. Our agent, on investigation, found a middle-aged, fair-bodied large black mare, but with bruised hips and very stiff and lame. The owner said that about three weeks before the mare had been struck by an automobile and knocked down while hauling a load of hay. As the horse was suffering and unfit for further use, the owner consented to have her put to sleep.



Sick Pony

A COMPLAINT was received in regard to a sick pony, and our officer on going to the farm found a black pony down and in very poor condition. The officer threatened to take the owner into court if he allowed the animal to continue to suffer, so he finally gave his consent to having it put to sleep. Three goats, eight rabbits, and a hog apparently were all right. The man was warned to take good care of them.



Springfield Area



"Koi" from Japan

KOI, a red Doberman Pinscher, born on a German submarine and trained in the Imperial Military kennels in Japan, is creating interest at the Springfield S. P. C. A. Hospital, where he is undergoing treatment for tropical filariasis, an unusual condition in the New England States.

Koi was born in January, 1939, on board a German submarine enroute to Japan, his mother being the mascot of the ship. Upon arrival in Tokyo the German commander gave the puppy to Dr. Tokue Maruo, and the physician entered him in the Imperial Military kennels, where he was awarded the Imperial Chrysanthemum medal by Emperor Hirohito personally, for obedience in military training. The medal is bronze and designed in the form of the imperial crest, and Koi has worn it about his neck constantly.

The present owner, William E. Landers of 61 Algonquin Street, Springfield, purchased Koi from Dr. Maruo. The dog has been in this country but a short time, and while in Japan he contracted a blood-borne parasite. Dr. Richard E. Krauss, a member of the veterinary staff at the Springfield Hospital, performed surgery for a secondary reaction, which was a blood-filled tumor process on the left side. Koi will soon be fully recovered.

A characteristic which has endeared Koi to Dr. Krauss and the staff is the gratitude the dog shows. Koi only understands Japanese and manual signs.



Radio display at the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, showing pictures and posters, some of which are prize-winning posters made by school children.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

s and Service

Boston Area



Guests of the Hospital

SWAN triplets, from the estate of John R. Macomber of Framingham Center, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, entered in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital for treatment. They are responding well to the kindly ministrations of the doctors and nurse Ellen Sullivan, and seem to be content, even though they are removed from their own private swimming pond.

Irregular Feeding

IN response to a report that animals were not being fed properly our officer called to find that the owner had five Great Danes, one St. Bernard, three Pekingese, three Cocker Spaniels and a French poodle. Some of the dogs were in good condition, but others were not and the shelter was poor.

Also it was found that the man had a bay gelding, eight years old, a sorrel gelding, twenty years old, a pig and ducks.

The owner admitted that he has not been able to feed the animals regularly, and he was told that if he could not give the animals the care due them he would have to get rid of them. This he agreed to do.

December 1947

Goats in Roping Contest

ONE of our agents examined eight goats which were to be used in a Roping Contest, similar to calf-roping, and found that they had been kept inside until their hooves had grown long, so that they were unable to run. As a result of this, the agent was able to persuade the Association which was planning the event, that it would be cruel to use the goats in such a way. The Contest was called off and the goats were sold at auction.

Goat Versus Dog

A COMPLAINT was received that a large German Shepherd dog had attacked a goat. On investigation, the owner of the dog said that the animal was playing in the orchard with children, when the goat appeared on the scene. The dog presumably attacked the goat to protect the children. The officer found that the goat was pretty badly cut, but was under the care of a veterinarian. The owner of the dog promised to try to keep the children and dog away from the goat in the future.

Fined for Neglect

A CASE of improper shelter of animals was brought to the attention of our humane officer. On visiting the farm the agent found nine young heifers and two goats in a pasture, where there was no feed and no shelter. The cattle were very thin. In the barn there were ten head of cattle, in fair condition, and nineteen dogs. Some of the dogs were in very poor condition.

The owner of the animals was found to be very belligerent and non-cooperative, so a complaint was taken out against him. When brought into court the owner pleaded not guilty, but was found guilty on both counts. The defendant appealed the case, but the Superior Court upheld the convictions, and he was fined \$50.00 for cattle neglect and \$100.00 for under-feeding his dogs.

Poisoning Pigeons

A REPORT was received that a man was putting out poisoned bread for pigeons. Our officer called on the complainant and was given the bodies of two dead pigeons and pieces of bread which had been placed on a window ledge. He then got in touch with the man who allegedly had put out the poison. The man admitted that he had put out rat poison as he wished to get rid of the pigeons. He said he did not realize that it was against the law to do this, and would not repeat the offense.



Ambulance of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, with its driver, William N. Freeman, Jr., who is bringing to the Hospital two little dogs which he has picked up.



Photo by David W. Corson

Fun for two on Christmas morning.

My Favorite Christmas Gift

By John C. Christensen (Age 11)

I GOT many Christmas gifts this year, such as a punching bag, a lot of games, a box of bubble gum and many others. People would think I should have been happy that day, but I wasn't. Can you guess why? My dog was sick! The doctor said it would take him a long time to get well.

My dog is a big, seventy-pound Airdale. He has dark brown eyes and two fuzzy ears. He looks something like a big, and I do mean big, Teddy bear.

The doctor is giving him all kinds of pills and liquid medicines. In a little while we will have all the doctor's pills. But if my dog gets well that will be my favorite Christmas gift.

Note: John wrote this letter in school last year, when his teacher asked him to write about his favorite Christmas gift.



My Baby Chicks

By Charles Lamb (Age 12)

I HAVE two baby chicks. One is a Barred Rock and I think the other is a New Hampshire. I keep them in a box at night and on rainy days. On sunny days they stay out in the yard. I put their food in a coffee can top and their water in a fruit jar top. They have straw in their box to sleep on. So guess where they went to sleep? Instead of using their straw they slept on their food!

Wildwood Christmas Trees

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

*The little wildwood people
Are planning Christmas joys.
They're just about as happy
As children with their toys.
Their Christmas trees stand ready;
They haven't got to be
Brought home from out the woodland
And then dressed up, you see.*

*Kind Mother Nature trims them
With jewels bright and rare.
The little woodland people
Have not a thought or care.
They just race round the forest
And have the greatest fun;
They have a lot of Christmas trees
While you have only one.*



Reindeer in Norway

FOR many, many years reindeer have been used as domestic animals by the Lapps of Scandinavia, and other primitive races of Northern Europe and Asia. They have been trained to draw sleds and travel long distances. Do you remember the names of the Santa Claus' reindeer, which travel so many miles at Christmas to bring presents to boys and girls?

Wild reindeer are still to be found in some parts of Norway, although they are becoming rather scarce. In North America, where only wild reindeer are found, they are known as caribou.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Peter," pretending he is a Christmas present.

"Peter Rodney" of St. Maurs

By MINA M. TITUS

On eager paws he scampers off
To find us where we are;
He leaves mud on our davenport
And in our motor car.
He catches flies on window panes,
And chews the garden hose,
Then drags our shoes and rubbers off
And drops them when he goes
To dig holes in the tulip bed,
Or strew sticks on the lawn
And when we try to make him stop,
He'll wag his tail and yawn!
He buries bones in aster beds
And in the carrot rows,
And we just laugh to find him thus
With earth-caked paws and nose!
He chases all the cats about,
And barks in wildest glee;
Next year he'll be a fine, wise dog,
He's what all pups should be!
The neighbors say we're crazy 'cause
With such things we put up;
But we know they'd feel just like us
If Peter was THEIR pup!

December 1947

Letter Friends

WOULD you like to have a pen friend in the British Isles? We have had a request for the names of boys and girls in the United States or Canada who would like to correspond with children in the British Isles. If you are interested, will you send your name and address to Miss Jessey Wade, Editor of The Friend of Animals, c/o Ada Cole Memorial, 5 Bloomsbury Square, London, W. C. 1, England. Here is your chance to make new friends.



Merry Christmas to All!

WHAT does Santa Claus take in his Reindeer sleigh? To complete the picture start at one and connect the lines to 45. We hope Santa brings you all the things you are wishing for, from his well-filled pack.

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1948.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize \$25.00

Second Prize 15.00

Third Prize 5.00

Ten \$3.00 prizes

Ten \$2.00 prizes

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

Traveling Beavers

BEAVERS are among the canniest creatures of the wild; a striking example of their ingenuity was observed at Sudbury, Ontario, recently.

One day in mid-December Tom Burns, a veteran trapper, noticed something drifting down the Vermilion river towards his camp. The river was not frozen across completely — just an ice fringe along the shoreline. Tom had seen many objects drifting on the current in his day but there was something strange about this one which attracted his attention. When it swung into shore near his camp, he decided to investigate. He found a beaver house complete with furnishings, built on a five-log raft!

Four beavers occupied the house and there was a good supply of poplar food attached. Evidently the family had a touch of wanderlust and found the raft a convenient means of seeing the world. They tied up for the winter but, as soon as spring came, unhitched from the shore, and are no doubt continuing their travels.

—Marion Boucher

Christmas Broadcast

ANIMALS are always brought to mind with the story of the first Christmas. Mr. Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer of our Society, accompanied with the familiar carols, will tell that story Saturday morning, December 20, at 10:30, Station WMEX, Boston, 1510 on your dial. We are sure you will enjoy this story of the Christ Child and the animals round about him.

Monarch of the Forest

THE moose, the largest of all the numerous tribe of deer, is found in forested parts of Canada, Alaska, and Northern United States. Wherever its abiding place may be, it will be found that the moose is essentially a forest-loving animal, partial to the loneliest stretches of woods and marshes. Moose usually run at a steady, swinging trot, and travel extraordinary distances, apparently with little fatigue.

The species is closely related to the European elk, found in Scandinavia, Germany, Russia and Siberia, only it is larger.

The elk and the moose have broad palmate antlers, while the wapiti, another member of the deer tribe, which was formerly distributed over much of the United States, but now found mostly in reservations, has antlers with long heavy beam and forked tines, but no palmations, or cup-like crown.



Now Is Your Chance!

DO you remember the appealing picture of the cat and the kittens, which appeared on the cover of *Our Dumb Animals* for October, 1947? This has proved to be very popular, and we have received many inquiries as to where a print of the picture might be obtained. The picture showed a mother cat and two kittens, with the inscription "—And Don't Ever Let Me See You Do That Again!" It is a very unusual pose.

We are glad to be able to offer 8 x 10 prints at \$2.00 each. If you wish one, please let us have your order soon, as we have only a few copies.

Annual Poster Contest

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society announce the opening of their annual Poster Contest, open to pupils in elementary grades above the third and in junior high and high schools, in connection with Be Kind to Animals Week, which will be celebrated May 3 to 8, with Humane Sunday, May 9, 1948. The contest closes March 1, 1948, and all entries must be in by that time.

We are offering attractive pins of an entirely new design, the first prize to be of silver, and the second prize of bronze. In addition, annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* will be sent to those winning honorable mention.

Drawings on light cardboard or heavy paper may be not less than 12 x 18 inches, nor more than 18 x 24 inches and should be shipped flat, all charges prepaid, to the Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper (original, not magazine covers or pictures) silhouette, poster paint, pastels, water colors or charcoal may be used. Color adds greatly to the effectiveness. *Do not trace or use stencils.*

Before starting on your posters be sure to send for complete rules of the Contest, and when received read carefully and follow rules closely. This is very important.

We hope to receive some original and striking posters this year, better than ever before. Some of the prize winners will be on display at the Societies' headquarters, and in the windows of Jordan Marsh Company and William Filene's Sons Company during Be Kind to Animals Week.

Write to the Secretary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass., for full directions.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors four distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 1:00 P.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 10:30 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animeland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 8:45 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Charlena Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

HUMANE LITERATURE

**For Sale by the AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
and the MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.
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Please enclose remittance with orders. Price includes postage.

Titles in bold-face type are of books or booklets.

Our Dumb Animals, monthly publication of our Societies, \$1 per year.

Colored Posters, 17 x 22 inches 5 cts. each

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"Be Kind to Animals" pennants each, 25 cts.
Friends of Fur and Feather 3 cts. each; 10 for 25 cts.
The B-K-T-A-Club, play, 3 cts. each; 10 for 25c
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Twenty Years of Be Kind to Animals Week, Guy Richardson 3 cts. each; 10 for 25 cts.

Band of Mercy

"Be Kind to Animals" Buttons, three styles—Humane Society, S. P. C. A., or Band of Mercy \$2.00 per 100
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* * *

Write for additional information.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

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We now have copies of attractive editions of two of the world's most famous animal stories, both of which have been made into motion pictures.

These books are:

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Enjoyed by all, these stories are especially attractive to children and may be purchased from:

American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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